



VOL. IX. No. 450. [General of the R. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1893. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

All the Way FROM BUENOS AIRES

Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt

FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE EDITORIAL
SHARP-SHOOTERS.

A Cosmopolitan Career.

The subject of our sketch has already, in the Toronto meetings, answered many of the questions that were proposed to him, and especially our first one, namely, as to whether his career had not been of a cosmopolitan character.

For eleven years, our subject has fought as an officer in the ranks of the Salvation Army, and then as Colonel, and then as Captain in the Training Home, where he commenced his real fighting. Then, as a Captain in charge of Midland Green, at which corps Major Hall first became acquainted with the Brigadier; also, Mrs. Col. Barker was a soldier. Afterwards, as Captain in three English corps, he served a good apprenticeship in field matters. This was followed by an appointment as A. D. C., and afterwards he was in charge of Cornwall Division.

Marching orders then came for foreign service. And, since that time, it would appear that, more or less, the Brigadier has been

Associated with Foreign Service.

This would almost seem as a natural order of things, as the Brigadier's family were originally French, and his parents for years had a large store in New York. At the end of three years' service in Australia, he returned to England, and appointed as Assistant Secretary to Colonel Bonn. On the Commandant taking charge of field matters in the United Kingdom, the Brigadier was promoted Major, and made Field Secretary, which very important position he held for two years.

This was again followed by marching orders for South America. Operations were commenced in the Spanish Republic

We enquired of the Brigadier, as to how he became acquainted with the Salvation Army. It was a case of "Love at first sight." In his native town, over 1,700 of the worst characters in it were converted during the first three months. At that time, the Brigadier was

Preparing to enter Ditchburg College, under the tuition of his uncle, the Rev. Robert Newton Barritt, who like him, from

special meetings with the General, and publicly declared that he himself would have become a Salvation Army officer, if he had been twenty, instead of sixty years of age.

The Brigadier commenced to speak in S. A. meetings, until, after listening to an address on holiness, he decided he would speak no more until he obtained the blessing of a clean heart; and kneeling at the the S. A. penitent-form, the Spirit of God tested him as to whether he was willing to become an S. A. officer. And, as he loves to state, the very moment he was willing, the purity of heart was given him. He received a real baptism of the Holy Ghost power.

In answer to our question, as to his work in Australia, he gave the brightest possible account of our work in that country, and paid a very high tribute to the go-ahead young Colonial spirit that is such a feature of that country; and he appeared to think that, in many respects, Canada is very similar.

Those of us who were privileged to be present at his reception meeting, conducted by the Commandant, will not soon forget his account of the little crippled boy,

Three months after landing almost the entire party, with the exception of the Brigadier and his wife, were attacked with amplex and diphtheria. It was then that his knowledge of and faith in the hydropathic system served him in good stead, and that personally he nursed them all back to health and strength.

The experiences of the Brigadier in this new country were certainly very various. Selling the Spanish War Cry became quite an art, as they had to have a few questions written out in Spanish, and with the other in one hand and the paper in the other, the Brigadier and his officers bombarded the city and

Sold Thousands of "Crys."

On every day, for the first six months, he devoted three or four hours to War Cry selling, and has often sold four or five dozen papers in that time.

South America is a trying country for the delicate, and the Brigadier was deprived sometimes of the service of his devoted wife, who worked and labored until she could do so no longer, and they were ultimately compelled to return to England.

"That appears a strange uniform," we

In reply to the question as to his position and work in this country, he replied that he was here just to do whatever the Commandant wished. As Provincial Officer for Toronto, with charge of the Social and Training operations throughout the Dominion, and assisting the Commandant in field matters, the Brigadier finds plenty to do.

Glancing over his list of current events, we found out that hostile meetings every night and noon-day meetings every day, that also special meetings outdoors and in have been organized throughout the city.

The Brigadier would not allow us to finish the interview without expressing his grateful feelings for the hearty welcome he has received in Toronto, and how glad he is to meet on this side of the water such old friends and comrades as Brigadiers Holland and Margrett, Major Hall, Staff-Capt. Fisher and other officers.

A feeling of delicacy, said the Brigadier, would prevent him from saying what he would like to say about his new association with the Commandant again, for he has always regarded the time spent under the Commandant's leadership in England as the best, and certainly the most instructive period of his Army career.

"And now," said the Brigadier in closing, "don't forget to mention that I am organizing a special out-and-out Salvation band, who are prepared to definitely promise God that no day shall pass without out having a delicate, personal conversation with some unwashed person about their soul." He invites every reader of the column to join this out-and-out band.

A SHORT SKETCH — OF —

Mrs. de Barritt's S. A. EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt—no, beg pardon, Miss Linton—was connected with the United Free Methodistists and after leaving her mother was a member of the Sabath School. When, in 1880, the Army opened fire in Bristol, England, on hearing so much of the persecution, she went to satisfy her curiosity one Sunday at knee-deep, thinking she would not be seen by her own people, but God continued to attend the meeting again and again, feeling led by the Spirit to do so, until she was led further still, and at last on watch-night of 1881, she gave herself up entirely for God and the Army.

Her health and leaving her mother were two obstacles to her, besides feeling so unfit for the call, but God had called, and she obeyed, leaving the circumstances to Him.

After eleven months of soldiery, she entered the Training Home in December, 1882, and from then until now, when in the hour of darkness, sorrow, sickness, hardness of the fight, misunderstanding and trouble of any kind, she has always realized that the obedience of the call in 1881 and 1882 was the right and best step.

(Continued on Page 4.)



when he met in a Melbourne hospital, and who, after suffering eleven operations in twelve months, was described as the happiest boy in the ward. By the hospital request, Brigadier took his hand as he died, and promised to meet the little fellow in the better land.

For twelve months, the Brigadier Edited the New Zealand "Cry,"

the circulation of which, in that short period rose from 9,000 to 17,000 copies, and has risen over 200,000.

Staff-Capt. Fisher, who is now in Canada, as at that time in New Zealand, living with Major Barritt, brother of our Brigadier. Arriving at the bay outside the city they were unable to land, the State being in the hands of the rebel troops and the city in the act of being bombarded by the fleet. At the end of a week they disembarked to find the city under strict martial law, and persons all afraid to leave their houses. In a Spanish company, torn by internal dissensions and unable to speak the language of the country, they found themselves without a friend, but He who is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

remarked, observing his photo in the house. "Yes, that is," replied the Brigadier. "That is what we call the camp uniform; that poncho, or rug, with the hole in the middle, is for horseback; the knapsack you see is what I carried on my back for long journeys."

The faithful animal lying at the Brigadier's feet in the photograph, was a large Newfoundland dog, whom he had come to regard with gratitude as on one occasion he saved the Brigadier's life when attacked by a wild bull on the farm colony.

The Brigadier's people are all Salvationists. His mother is in charge of the Home of Rest for sick officers. Major de Barritt, his brother, is in charge of the Commandant's Staff-Capt. Mrs. Lucas assists her husband in Training Home work in London, and is a veteran soldier-winner. His eldest sister is in charge of a corps, and his youngest brother, Robert Barritt, Under-Secretary for foreign affairs.

Died a Soldier's Death

Two days after the Brigadier arrived in Canada.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTBOURNE.

WIND TOWER—Scene of the rising.

A Standing Wonder.

Pamphleteering.

BEACHY HEAD

EASTBOURNE, GRAYD PARADE—Looking East.

May We Have Music on

Stage No. 2—Action.

Stage No. 3—Agitation.

THE NEW TOWN HALL

IN DARKEST NIGHT

DE BLANCHE B. COLE

1st four Books	No. 1-121	\$1.50
1st five Books	No. 1-150	\$1.75
Six Books complete	No. 1-180	\$2.25

Can be had in Any Instrumental Part

BANDSMEN

1st five Books	No. 1-150	\$1.
Six Books complete	No. 1-180	\$2.

Can be had in Any Instrumental Parts

who fail to do this are not
ted soldiers. We know a
fall below par in this im-

Salvation Songs.

Friend in Jesus.

BY MINKIE M'WILLIAM, KINGSTON, ONT.

TUNE—Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps.

1 I found a friend in Jesus,
He leads me by the hand;
I cannot fear nor falter
While I follow His command.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps, etc.

Though worn by pain and sickness,
At times 'twas weary to the bone,
I tell it to my Saviour,
Who bears my every prayer.

Yes, I will follow Jesus,
I'll follow, come what may;
He trod the path before me,
And will brighten up my way.

Love of God.

BY BRO. WM. HONE, WATFORD.

TUNE—When the mists have rolled away.

2 When the Lord of life and glory
Came upon this earth to dwell,
And to rescue every willing soul
From eternal death and hell,
The sons of God then shouted,
And the angels sang for joy;
Though we all were far away in sin
He brought salvation nigh.

CHORUS.

We will trust our Saviour King,
Of His love and power we'll sing;
Though redemption is so precious, soon for
ever it will cease,
But the soul that trusts in Jesus He will
give him perfect peace.

He came down unto the manger,
For the world, He pomp and pride;
With the poor He made His dwelling,
With them He would abide.
Full of sorrow in the Garden,
Bloodily sweat fell from His brow;
He who bore your sins on Calvary
Will save your soul just now.

He ascended up to heaven,
But the Comforter did send,
And His throne shall stand for ever,
And His kingdom have no end.
He is leading forth His armies,
And their banners are unfurled;
Repentance, faith and holiness
Is ringing through the world.

We now call you to surrender
In the name of Christ our King,
Or your sin will prove your ruin
And eternal death will bring;
Oh, make at once the sacrifice,
Whatever it may cost,
Or your soul will land for ever
In the regions of the lost.

Come Right Away.

BY MAJOR BAUGH.

TUNE—Is my name written there?

3 Come sinner to Jesus, and come right
away,
And don't say to-morrow, when God says
to-day;
Your time is fast passing, your days are
few,
but few,
Death soon will be coming and calling for
you.

CHORUS.

Then come right away, no longer delay,
For the only chance promised, is promised
to-day.

Just think of thy danger, while living in
sin,
Hell's gates are wide open, you soon may
step in;
God's Spirit may leave you, then awful
your doom,
Your night may set in, while you thought
twas but noon.

Don't ask that old question, what will my
friends say?
With God you must reckon, so come right
away.
Now while He is waiting to pardon your
sin,
Forsooth your old ways and return unto
Him.

Time swiftly rolls on, and eternity's near,
The time for your going will shortly be
here;
And just as you now, so your harvest must
be;

Then haste right away, while there's mercy
for thee,

Salute!

Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT

—WILL—

INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

—OF THE—

North - West and

British Columbia.

—THE COMMANDANT WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS

—AND—

Ensign Smeeton.

WINNIPEG,	Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon.,	June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Tuesday	June 20
CARBERRY	Wednesday	June 21
NEEPAWA	Thursday	June 22
RAPID CITY	Friday	June 23
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 24, 25
REGINA	Tuesday	June 27
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 28, 29
VANCOUVER	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 1, 2, 3
NEW WESTMINSTER,	Tuesday and Wednesday	July 4, 5
NANAIMO	Thursday and Friday	July 6, 7
VICTORIA	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 8, 9, 10

FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

What I Want to Be.

BY CAPT. RITCHIE, KINGSTON, ONT.

TUNE—Oh, the Lord; or I inference; or I We
have no other sin, mind.

4 Oh, Lord, I ask that Thou to-day
Shalt come and cleanse my heart,
And into every crevice the re
Love's burning seal impart.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died
for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

I've always wanted to be good,
And live to save the lost,
But long with idle hands have stood,
Afraid to pay the cost.

Thou knowest, Lord, the vows I've made,
In secret, oft with tears,
O help that I may have and now
Redeem those wasted years.

Invitation.

BY CAPT. M. BENNIE.

TUNE—Oh, the voice to me so dear!

5 Oh, sinner, to the Cross now come,
In true submission low;
Come, lay thy weary burden down,
And claim the blessing now.

CHORUS.

Oh, the voice so dear to me, etc.

You oft have felt the Spirit strive
In days and years gone by;
Still all unheeded now you choose
In ways of sin to die.

Yet still the Saviour stands and pleads,
And will not give thee up;
Oh, humble now thy stubborn heart
Before the door is shut.

Precious Blood.

BY ETTIE WHITTAKER.

TUNE—Only Jesus will I know,
Burdened with my sin and woe,
I to Calvary did go,
There the precious blood of Jesus
Washed me whiter than the snow.

CHORUS.

Oh, the precious cleansing blood,
And 'tis there I will abide,
Washing whiter than the snow,
All who will to Calvary go.

Now I'm living at His side,
And 'tis there I will abide,
Sharing Calvary's Cross with Jesus,
Keep me fully satisfied.

Now I seek poor souls to win
From the dark, dark path of sin,
Bringing them to Calvary's Jesus,
All who make them pure within.

And when Jesus calls I know
I shall have no fear to go,
For His precious blood does wash me,
Washes whiter than the snow.

Experience.

BY W. M'LAUCHLIN, S. U. PARK.

TUNE—Oh, my darling Genteline.
Once my heart was full of sorrow,
Once my heart was full of sin,
Did not know the love of Jesus,
All was black as night within.

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, Hallelujah,
I love Jesus, you I do,
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

On I wandered in my sadness,
Weary, worn, by sin oppressed;
But I heard a voice from heaven,
Saying, "Come, I'll give you rest."

Coming Events

BRIG. AND MRS. JACOBS

WILL VISIT

BRIDGEWATER, Thursday, June 8.
KENTVILLE, Friday, June 9.
WINDSOR, Saturday and Sunday, June
10, 11.
HALIFAX, Monday, June 12.
TRURO, Tuesday, June 13.
NEW GLASGOW, Wednesday, June 14.
AMHERST, Thursday, June 15.

Quickly to the Cross I hastened,
There my burden rolled away;
Now my heart is full of gladness,
Trusting Jesus all the way.

Walking in the Light.

BY BERTY, CANBEN.

TUNE—Must Jesus bear the Cross?
Jesus, my everlasting light,
Which guides me in the way,
And makes the narrow path so sweet,
And leads to endless day.

CHORUS.

I'm walking in the light,
My life is pure and bright;
I'll live pleasing in His sight,
I'll conquer in the fight;
While leaning on His might,
I have victory, and His will is my
delight.

Then art my life and righteousness,
Thou dost my needs supply;
Thou art my Friend, and I am thine,
I do on Thee rely.
Oh, praise the Lord for such a gift,
The gift of life divine!
Oh, sinner, give your heart to Him,
And to His glory shine!

God Wants Fighters

9 Work for the time is flying,
Work with hearts sincere,
Work, for souls are dying,
Work for the night is near;
Forth to the Master's vineyard
Go thou and work to-day,
Be not a useless sluggard,
Wasting the time away.

Forth to the glorious calling,
Work till your days are o'er,
Work till the evening's falling,
You can work no more;
Work on, Salvation soldier,
Jesus will soon appear,
Soon He will hear thy singing—
Thy reward is near.

Fight on, Salvation soldier,
Thou little you're sure to win,
Fight on, ye valiant soldiers,
For Jesus is our King;
Although the battle's raging,
It cannot be very long,
Fight on, Salvation soldier,
Till the battle's done.

Yes, I will fight for Jesus,
I'll fight the heavenly fight,
I'll take my stand beside you,
To battle for the right;
Not for ten years, or twenty,
But with your tears I'll fight,
But be His faithful soldier,
As long as life shall last.

READY MADE SUITS.

YOU WANT A SUIT IN A HURRY, DON'T YOU?

You would have ordered, before, but you
did not have the money, and of course
you don't want to go into debt.

Well, here is your choice:
Goods F. D. Suit \$14
" F. C. " 12
" F. C. " 11

If you send \$5 in addition we will add one
of our best gowns to the suit.

IRISH.

Whatever may be said for or against Ire-
land, Home Rule, Irishmen, and Irish pro-
ducts, etc., one thing is sure and an un-
doubted fact:
Although not so beautifully flattered by the
unappreciated eye, yet, for want, the Irish
Serge takes the credit and credit time. Get your
suit from Irish Serge, if you take my advice.
Price, \$18, \$19 and \$20 according to weight.